THE PASTIME.

(A LITERARY PAPER.)

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

THE PURVEYOR.—No. V.

Mutare quœro tristia; dum mihi
Fias recantatis amica
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

HOR.

I WAS lately musing upon that unaccountable *prejudice against the learned professions*, which at the present day, has infected a large proportion of my fellow-citizens, when by one of those unaccountable coincidences in human affairs, which the ignorant most frequently consider as ominous, I received from an intimate friend a letter, from which in the present number I shall furnish my readers with an extract. To acknowledge and retract an error, is no mark of meanness. Stubborn adherence in defiance of conviction is a folly too often mistaken for unbending firmness. But to err is the common lot of man, and from the day in which I received the subsequent avowal, I shall hold my friend in higher estimation. His indiscriminate censure arose rather from the adoption of the sentiments of others without reflection, than from wanton severity or deliberate malignity. The candour, and I might almost add, the humiliation of his acknowledgment, effaces the recollection of his temporary impropriety.

"Happening the other day (says he) to visit an old acquaintance, I was pleased on entering his mansion to behold the animation which beamed in his countenance and sparkled in his eye. On enquiring the cause of his joy, so forcible were the emotions of his mind that he barely pointed to two letters which he had received from two of his sons, one of whom was a Clergyman and the other a Schoolmaster, who lately removed into the western part of the state to practice in their several professions. Upon perusing them I found that they contained an account of their success which was extremely prosperous and flattering. By this time my friend had recovered from the effusions of his sensibility, and was looking at me, earnestly expecting my congratulation. Unfortunately for his peace and happiness he was disappointed. What, said I, is the occasion of your joy? from what causes does it arise? Pause and consider. You are gratified beyond measure with your sons' prosperity. But examine the causes which induce that prosperity, and you will rejoice no longer.

"Your eldest son serves at the altar. He writes that he is successful in his labours. But what is the cause of his success? Whence arises the necessity for his labours? The answer is easy;—previous depravity is the cause of the one, and the increase of it, produces the necessity for the other. When therefore you rejoice at the success of your son, you rejoice at the iniquity of man;—you rejoice that sin has entered into the

world, and that vice and unholiness abound. Were there no sin your son would be without employment, and you congratulate yourself that he can fatten on the iniquities of the world, and deck himself in the robes of unrighteousness.

"Your other son is employed in the education of youth;—in his success also you rejoice. But your joy is causeless. Instead of pleasure, it ought to convey to your mind the more solemn tidings of lamentation and mourning. You ought to regret the frailty and imperfection of man. He cometh forth as a flower; he is cut down and forgotten. In his ignorance and imbecility you rejoice, that your son may experience the comforts and luxuries of life. Rather ought you to implore of the Father of Mercies to hasten on the glorious period whenignorance shall no longer scatter its mists before the eyes of youth;—when no Schoolmaster shall hold forth the ferule or the rod as the penalty of disobedience;—when no teacher shall be wanted to unveil to his understanding the mysteries contained even in the elements of science;—when no Clergyman shall be requisite to restrain his adult and maturer vices;—

"When peace on earth shall hold her easy sway,
"And man forget his brother man to slay."

"Sir, interrupted my friend, I have heard you with patience, and examined your sentiments with candour. Suffer me now to answer your censorious philippic." I was silent and he proceeded.

"This, Sir, said he to me, is not the first time in which you have bestowed your denunciations. Not a month has elapsed since you have poured forth a similar invective upon my worthy neighbour, who had just heard from two of his sons, as I now have from mine. His were engaged in the professions of Physic and Law. In the same strain of bitterness you have attacked them all. You have scattered your arrows of death in indiscriminate profusion. It is true that the Physician obtains support because men are diseased;—the Lawyer because they are faulty and cannot agree;—the Clergyman because they are wicked, and the Schoolmaster because they are ignorant. You say that we rejoice in the abundance of diseases, of litigation, of wickedness, and of ignorance. But let me tell you that your premises are erroneous, and therefore your conclusions are false. We do not rejoice in sickness and disease; but we acquiesce in the dispensations of that God, who has sent them forth as the chastising harbingers of his wrath; and we rejoice that he has raised up the Physician who can check the disease, give ease to the sufferer, and restore the feeble to health.

"We do not rejoice in contention and litigation; but we acquiesce in the dispensations of the Allwise Disposer of Events who has suffered men to differ and to transgress. And we rejoice that he has also caused tribunals of justice to be erected where these disputes may be terminated;—that he has caused upright judges to be elected from that very class which you condemn;—that men are not left to seek justice by the strength of their arm, and that anarchy and ferocity are restrained. We rejoice that he has raised up the son of my friend to assist the helpless, the widow and the orphan—that he has indued him with courage and perseverance to forego the blandishments of popularity when inconsistent with his professional duty—that he has inspired him with integrity, wisdom and eloquence, to enable him to succour injured innocence and suffering virtue.

"We do not rejoice in the extension of wickedness and sin. They too exist by the permission of the Almighty; and who shall presume to arraign his justice in permitting

them? But we rejoice that my son is made an instrument in his hands of bringing men from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and satan to the living God.

"We do not rejoice in ignorance and imperfection. But they also exist by the ordinance of the Creator; and we rejoice that my son is possessed of power to dispel the darkness and obscurity of ignorance, and to remedy the imperfections of nature by art and education. These Sir, are the sources of our joy, a joy which we are not ashamed to express. Not that we rejoice in the *existence* of these misfortunes, but that since under Providence they do exist, our sons are possessed of such virtue and skill in their professions, as has ensured them success, and has enabled them to baffle the violence of distemper; to assist the weak in repelling the aggressions of the strong, to cause the unrighteous man to depart from his unrighteousness, and virtue and science to dawn upon the understandings of our youth. Believe me, Sir, said he, "indiscriminate censure of classes or professions is seldom or never just." Those four professions are all good and honourable. The profession cannot degrade the man, unless the man degrades his profession.

"I was confounded at his reply—confessed my error, craved pardon, was forgiven and retired in silence."

ON THE DIVERSITY OF HUMAN GENIUS. AND ITS CAUSES.

(Concluded from our last.)

RELIGION as it is the most important concern of life, so it is the most extensive in its influence over the human race. The mind dwelling on a subject so vast and sublime, is hurried away wherever the current bends. It has sometimes dignified and sometimes degraded the human character; sometimes illuminated and sometimes cast a shade upon the mind; at one time, inflamed its votary with the wild-fire of enthusiasm, again sunk him into the dead calm of monkish gloom. In one period and country, it has promoted literature and refinement; in another, it has cramped the genius, depraved the morals, and deformed the manners of men. Under the innumerable and complicated systems, which have prevailed through every age and nation, we behold man either exalted or debased; wise and civilized, or rude and barbarous. The miseries which mankind have endured from superstition, under the name of pure religion; the horrors and debasement which they have experienced from ministerial hypocrisy and violence, under the name of church government, have often been seen and exposed to the perpetual indignation of the world. In the early periods of Europe, we behold the spirit of religious madness bursting forth in all its terrors. It is here, that we see it flying from rank to rank, breaking through all orders of men, from the cottage to the palace, and penetrating to the heart of almost every nation. While the holy doctrines of Christianity, were overwhelmed in the torrent of fanaticism, such confusion arose in the literary world, as altogether impeded the diffusion of letters, crushed the brightest faculties of genius, and extinguished the last glimmerings of philosophy. A profound and impenetrable darkness hovered over the banks of the Siene, the Tiber, and the Thames; and rudeness and barbarism cast a deadly gloom over almost every region which had once been irradiated by the splendor of science. The sources of truth and record were effectually closed; the power and the wish for the detection of error entirely destroyed; the legendary tales and meagre ballads of the times were perused with avidity; while the sublimest effusions of Roman wisdom, laid neglected on the shelf, or were burned for fuel. A few solitary geniuses arose by their

own native energy, above the depravity which covered the earth, and broke through the thick clouds of dulness and stupidity. A few small luminaries arose at distant intervals, which gleaming along the melancholy scene, serve to enlighten the literary adventurer through a desolate and dreary desert. Yet they arose, only as the meteor of night, which flashes for a moment upon the traveller in the wilderness, and leaves him to grope his way through the returning gloom of storms and darkness. But the vast fabric of superstition and madness in which the mind was for ages confined, has been shocked by a fatal convulsion, and is tumbling from its basis. The chains of ecclesiastical tyranny are falling from around us; the light of reason has darted through the mouldering walls of our prison; and genius, reanimated and reinspired with vigour, comes forward in all the majesty of strength and beauty, under the banners and patronage of the religion of Christ. Pure religion is the patroness of the arts; the patroness of science; the patroness of every thing that can elevate the scale of national grandeur, or individual wisdom. In a corrupted state, it is succeeded by barbarism in literature and unskilfulness in the arts of life. The one like the horrid genius of anarchy marks every footstep with disorder and desolation; fattens on the liberties and blood of human victims; subverts laws, tribunals, the temple of God and institutions of learning. The other is the mild harbinger of peace. Often when society exhibits the furious contest of conflicting elements, at her approach the murmuring of the storm retires, confusion flies, every cloud is brushed from the face of nature, and man, bursting from his shackles, becomes a rational being. It is the only chain that links heaven with earth, and binds man to the throne of God. It is the only clue which leads him from the works of Deity, up to Deity himself; the only guide which will conduct him through the boundless ages of eternity, in the uninterrupted career of improvement.

SKETCH
OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS,
THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN INDIAN PRINCESS.

In the wildest scenes of Nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desart smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and charms of Eve, at the age of 15, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Capt. Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interest the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index to his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being; and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems, had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs, surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's; and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter; and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his pris-

oner. Charmed with her success, she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprize, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly tho't of the advantages to be derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks captivity, Smith returned to James-town, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The constitutions of the heart, are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature, and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty, with her *cornucopiæ*. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings: and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered thro' the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprised him of his danger. Love seems to be the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensius, forgets the brother and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favorites.

A dangerous wound, which Capt. Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with a full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded by the dying professions of her lover. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favorite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours; here she told her love, and scattered her favorite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf that covered her lover, she was surprised at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion which Smith had excited in her breast.—He was pensively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence, to perform her duties to the dead. Surprize, terror, and sorrow, suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the woods and wilds, to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy; he wiped away the tear that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love. They talked down the moon, and the song of the mocking-

bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover, to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had none of the partiality of his daughter for the English; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas, in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme.—Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued, however, always as respectful, as affectionate; and while he soothed her into tranquility, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was pure as her's was fond.

At length Netanquas arrived at the fort with provisions, to ransom his sister. He had saved the life of Rolfe in one of his excursions to meet Pocahontas; and to him the lover applied in the presence of his Indian maid, to gain Powhatan's consent to his union with his daughter. Pocahontas melted into softness at this declaration of the accomplished Englishman; and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed: happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulse of the heart. The raven tresses and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas, were no disparagement to the dignity of her soul, or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moment of leisure he initiated her in the wonders of science, and mysteries of religion.—In return, she respected him for his talents, and his virtues; and added gratitude for improvement, to *love for love*.

A son was the sole fruit of their union, from which descends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs, and the Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far, as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court, and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with respect and affection; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learnt the manners of the great, and in her demeanor, exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of her heart.

Capt. Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England, and travelling with Pocahontas through the country he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native shore for ever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faultering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, and intellectual piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness, and consider Pocahontas as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

[*Anthology.*

VARIETY.

—

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern Writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

—

If two negatives make an affirmative, what will half a dozen negatives make? A market woman going over Roxbury Neck, near Boston, observed she had left a box at some of the shops in town, the lid only being left in the cart. She sent her husband back to enquire among a few shops where she must have left it. With an anxious inquisitive countenance he asked in several stores—*Nobody do'nt know nothing about no box that nobody left here with no* kiver *on, as nobody knows on, does there?*—

[Thistle.

—

A gentleman sitting in one of the boxes in company with the late Lord North, not knowing his lordship, entered into conversation with him, and seeing two ladies come into an opposite box, turned to him, and addressed him with, "*Pray, Sir, can you inform me who is that ugly b—— that is just come in?*—"*O,*" replied his lordship with great good humour, "*that is my wife.*"—*Sir, I ask your ten thousand pardons.—I do not mean her, I mean that shocking monster who is along with her.*"—"*That,*" replied his lordship, "*is my daughter.*"

—

"*I met a Fool i' the Forest—a motley Fool.*"

When Shuter was one day at dinner in a promiscuous company, as soon as the cloth was removed, one of them got up, and entreated as a particular favour, he would begin to be *comical.* "Gad so, (said *Ned*) *I forgot my fool's dress, but however, I'll go and fetch it, if you'll be my substitute till I return.*" The man thought this very comical indeed, and declared he would. Shuter departed, took his hat and cane, *but did not return.*

—

THE DYING INFANT.

The taper was just glimmering in the socket, as the weary and sorrowful mother awaked from a momentary slumber, to renew her anguish: she turned her eyes on her expiring infant, whose dim orbs were slowly turning in their hollow abodes. It was midnight, and nothing was heard but the strokes of the clock pendulum, and the heavy sighs of a disconsolate father, which mingled with the short deep breath, of his suffering darling.

Half raised, and leaning on his pillow, he had been watching the dread moment, when a sigh or a struggle should announce that hope and life had together taken their everlasting flight. A sudden flutter drew the attention of the wretched parents from the melancholy object of their meditation—it was the expiring infant's favourite bird, whose food had been neglected ever since the danger of its little admirer had absorbed all other care, and as the sad presage of its fate, it now expired! The parents looked alternately on each other, and on the bird, but at this instant, to add to their distress, the candle ceased to burn,—the father seized his infant's hand—the mother felt for its forehead, but the pulse was still, and all was cold!

—

On the statue of King George II. being placed on the top of Bloomsbury spire.

The king of Great-Britain was reckoned before
The head of the church, by all good Christian people;
His subjects of Bloomsbury have added one more
To his titles, and made him the head of the steeple.

—

Epigram on the arming of the volunteers in Great-Britain.

In arms all day, and every day they toil
To guard the fair of Briton's happy isle;
Ye fair, be not ungrateful, but unite
To guard each lad ye love *in arms* all night.

—

INSCRIPTION,

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

Art thou a Patriot, trav'ler? On this field
Did *Falkland* fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banners: dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour? *Hampden* perish'd here.
The rebel *Hampden*, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died in adverse armies. Trav'ler!
If with thy neighbour thou shoud'st not accord,
In charity remember these good men,
And quell each angry & injurious thought.

[*Southy.*

If Mr. Pope, architect of New-York, sist in heading his advertisements with "Patent *Brides*," he may have more business than he can well attend to.—*Balance.*

CLASSICAL POETRY.

From the North American.

MR. EDITOR,

The following HENDECASYLLABICK ODE, not more distinguished for the pure and graceful Latinity of its style, than the delicacy and beauty of the conceptions, was addressed to Mrs. WARREN, then Miss BRUNTON, by *Francis Wrangham*, the supposed author of the Pursuits of Literature. It speaks more than volumes could in her praise; and will be read, I think, with fond regret by every admirer of that accomplished actres, who, alas! is now no more. C.

AD BRUNTONAM,

E GRANTA EXITURAM.

NOSTRI præsidium et decus theatri;
O tu, Melpomene severioris
Certè filia! quam decere formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos;—
Nec lapsam—precor, O nec in futuram
Lapsuram. Satis at Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos
Seu preferre MONIMIÆ dolores,
Frater cum vetitos (nefas!) ruebat
In fratris thalamos, parumque casto
Vexabat pede; sive JULIETÆ
Luctantes odio paterno amores
Maris: te sequuntur HORROR,
Arrectusque comas PAVOR. Vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox divinior enitescis, altrix
Altoris vigil et parens parentis.
At non Græcia sola vindicavit
Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
Natam; restat item patri Britanno
Et par EUPHRASIÆ puella, quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O BRUNTONA, citò exitura virgo,
Et visû citò subtrahenda nostro,
Breves deliciæ, dolorque longus!
Gressum siste parumper oro; teque
Virtutesque tuas lyrâ sonandas
Tradit Granta suis vicissim alumnis.

TRANSLATION.

MAID of unboastful charms, whom white rob'd Truth,
Right onward guiding thro' the maze of youth,
Forbade the Circe PRAISE, to 'witch thy soul,
And dash'd to earth th'intoxicating bowl:
Thee meek-eyed PITY, eloquently fair,
Clasp'd to her bosom with a mother's care;
And as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.
For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart;
Whether, to rouse the sympathetick glow,
Thou pourest lone MONIMIA's tale of wo;
Or haply cloathest with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in JULIET's breast,
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling terrours creep,
Th' entranced Passions their still vigils keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form a holier grace;
When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.

Nor was it thine th' heroick strain to roll,
With mimick feelings, foreign from the soul;
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
Methought he said, "Thou art no actress here!
A semblance of thyself, the Grecian dame,
And *Brunton* and *Euphrasia* still the same!"
O, soon to seek the city's busier scene,
Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-eyed maid serene,
Till Granta's sons, from all her sacred bow'rs,
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flow'ers,
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
Enchanting ministress of virtuous wo!

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